

Editorials by the Daily

Matter, Energy and Will Are God.

By Andrew Allen.



RAISE no altar to the unknown God, for how can I worship that which we do not know? Yet there are only three things in this world in regard to which we possess positive, unquestionable, and first hand knowledge.

We know that the earth is beneath our feet. That is matter. We know that the sun is shining. That is energy. And we know that a stone unsupported falls to the ground. That is law or will. Matter, energy, and will, three in one and one in three. This is the Great I Am.

The universe is composed of matter, energy, and will. Man is composed of matter, energy, and will, which comprehends will. Man is therefore made in the image of the universe and is of the same substance.

The universe is God. Man also is God so long as he remains in the universe and is subject to its laws. But he must be subject to its laws for good holds the universe together, evil disintegrates and

destroys it. Thus man himself determines whether or not he shall assume his intended place in and of the universe.

God dwelleth not in temples made with hands, and although His glory filled the temple his form was not visible to the high priest when he entered into the holy of holies. It is said that Luther when tried of disputing with Zwinglius about the real presence in a moment of inspiration seized a piece of chalk and wrote "firmly and finally" upon the table: "Hoc est corpus meum" (This is my body).

In Genesis we read that God made man in his own image and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life. From the Book of Revelations it seems clear that he made the lower animals in his own image also, for the beasts in these visions are obviously a part of the diety. The beasts are made in his rational or natural image, and man is made in his intellectual image. The body is the son of matter and energy, and reason is the son of intellect. We therefore may identify the Christian trinity with the order of nature and say that matter is the father, organic life is the son, and intellect is the holy ghost.

But the strongest proofs in favor of this theory are to be found in the sayings of Christ himself. Christ never calls himself the son

of God except in the sense that we are all sons of God through the transgression of Adam. When asked point blank if he was the son of God he returned an evasive answer: "I said ye are Gods." But he always maintained that he came from the Father. He called himself the son of man, using the word man as a convenient synonym for matter or the Father.

Christ declared that the bread and the wine were his body and blood, and consequently were the body and blood of the Father. He said: "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father," alluding to his physical or material body. In the newly discovered sayings of Jesus it is written: "Raise the stone and ye shall find me. Cleave the wood and there am I," plainly showing that the Father is to be found in material things.

The effect of this reasoning is that God is one with nature. "By nature in general I understand nothing else but either God himself or the coordination ordained by God of all created things" is the dictum of Descartes.

A similar conception of the diety was common to almost all the old philosophers. The early Ionian physicists seek to explain the world as generated out of a primordial matter which is at the same

time the universal support of things. "This substance is endowed with a generative or transmutative force by virtue of which it passes into a succession of forms."

This is closely allied to the Brahmanical theology. Brahma is conceived as the eternal self-existent being which on its material side unfolds itself to the world by gradually condensing itself to material objects through the gradations of ether, fire, water, earth, and other elements.

It is strange that after more than 2,000 years of perplexing thought men should come back to almost the same idea. Prof. Tyndall in his famous Belfast address said: "Abandoning all disguise, the confession I feel bound to make before you is that I prolong the vision backward across the boundary of experimental evidence, and discern in that matter which we in our ignorance and notwithstanding our professed reverence for its creator have hitherto covered with opprobrium, the promise and potency of every form of terrestrial life."



Religion and Science Have Same End.

By William Sedgwick.



RELIGION by the road of faith and science by the road of knowledge through its latest discoveries are both bringing us to one and the same Master and Savior.

The two roads are different in the course they take, but they have a common origin in one quarter. Moreover, they both bring us to the same destination, the same new evolution, the same new building. Religion tells us of a new Jerusalem, and thus of a new building, and therefore of a new evolution in which, as some one has pointed out, man has had a part.

While science, as we find, tells of a new evolution in which man, with his knowledge of analysis and synthesis, and of the constitution

of things and evolutionary ways, will take a leading part. It is a noble offer which is made to us. This offer of employment in that great building of the universe for which preparation on so vast a scale is being made by the ingathering of all the great stars and

sons with all the loads of building materials of which they consist into a Milky Way.

The splendor of the situation comes out more clearly if we consider the fact that the materials which are being got together on such a prodigious scale are of transcendent worth for building purposes, as we know from the things of exquisite loveliness which have been built with them here in gems and flowers and feathers. If such work could be done with the stones in the stress of conflict when they were being hurriedly tossed together to keep them safely in temporary arrangements, what may not be done with them when they are carefully put together and seen at their best?

It is reasonable to conclude that "eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive" anything approaching to the possibilities of that situation. Such a hope, such an expectation, ought to color our lives; ought to make itself felt in our work and in our conduct.

The Egyptian, as we know, feebly grasped the situation, and was entranced. The knowledge that work here is a training for employment above colored his whole life and his earliest and best days. We

see the result in the magnificent work which he did, and the noble accuracy and fidelity with which it was done.

The life's work of a man is but a stage, a preparatory stage for a much greater work, in which all that the man has learned in his apprenticeship in the preparatory stage will be wanted. The conclusion is obvious that men in this life are simply under training for a far fuller life and for grander work. And if we look into nature and examine the exquisite finish and symmetry and beauty of some crystals, scales, feathers, and flowers, and then perceive that these beautiful things are made up of the same material as other things which are coarse and irregular and ugly even to hideousness, the conclusion is forced upon us that as much as might have been done has not been done as yet with the materials of which this universe has been built up.

We are capable therefore of understanding not only the imperfections of our own lives but also the imperfections of the present universe. We have therefore some fitness for leading a better life than we lead here, and some fitness to appreciate a better universe than the universe in which we now live.

We have also ability to control and guide the universe builders, the

energies of attraction, and also to bring into subjection the energies of repulsion which resist the energies of attraction and undo their work.

Hence with the knowledge and skill and powers of control we are fitted for employment in the work of rebuilding the universe in a better form than the existing universe has.

It is death then which gives human life its importance from a cosmical point of view. Death by cutting down generation after generation gathers in a vast host of beings fitted to intervene actively in the reconstruction of the universe in a new and perfect form, provided that they can be awakened from the sleep of death with bodies freed from all the imperfections of the old bodies, but having memory and faculties intact.

In a work so vast there will be employment for all according to ability, employment in controlling, employment in guiding.



Everlasting Changes Mark Progress.

By Ada May Krecker.



THE conundrum asks what is the difference between indigestion and appendicitis. And the answer decides that the difference amounts to about \$400. Incidental to the expense and the pain this celebrated malady has instructed many among us of the existence of a little organ which baffles every ingenuity in discovering a legitimate rôle for it in the bodily processes. The anatomists name it a vestigial structure, the remains of something once useful, and even important, but now sticking ungraciously in the system as an atrophied relic, a nuisance.

The horse has his knee glands, reminiscent of the days when he roamed the prairies and dropped from the glands the scent which informed his companions of his whereabouts. Serpents have souvenirs of little less which they no longer need. They cannot but be inconvenient.

A dictum which applies to all vestigial structures of what-

ever variety, whether physical or mental, social or individual, economic, political, or religious.

The test of any institution, usage, or custom lies in its usefulness. When this has passed the end is near. Atrophy sets in. The doom is pronounced. The illiteracy of women and the bondage of women have served their own great purpose, no doubt. It is at least easy to trace to their subjection many of their most charming traits. But nowadays its utility is doubtful.

Those in the human vanguard discover many inconveniences to society arising therefrom. They propose to perform heroic surgical operations to rid us of it. And thus to liberate the social organism from a serious impediment to its free functioning. This discomfort once felt and declared, feminine subordination becomes a souvenir of barbarism, not a chosen institution of civilization. And this is what it rapidly is being considered. The representative women of current history arouse their liberty, and the men count it a reason for especial honor and congratulation.

A good many of the religious vestiges were heroically removed during the reformation, and a number of others at this present mo-

ment are undergoing painless operations with modern mental anesthetics. Political and governmental forms and usages have suffered the same atrophy or the same ruthless removal by French and Russian revolutions, Turkish massacres, and East Indian uprisings.

And social observances suffer the same changes, or fast or slow, or premeditated, or by gradual decay. Many current customs bear little investigation in the light of reason. But so long as they are taken seriously by the great majority, and tolerated by the influential minority, they survive as organs with proper functions to fulfill. But as they gradually are felt to be discomforts, annoyances, they slowly and certainly will pass away.

It is by these everlasting changes that progress moves. It is by them that evolution has proceeded through all the kingdoms. We see at short range. But even so, we can predict the possibility and the probability of changes to come. As one organ or member is discarded another arises to take its place. As the lower, grosser senses are lost the finer, higher senses and members are developed. We may be losing our tails, but we are gaining our sixth-sense. And, although our crude psychic facilities remind us of prehistoric brutish ages our de-

veloping minds and intuitions foreshadow eras of godlike attributes.

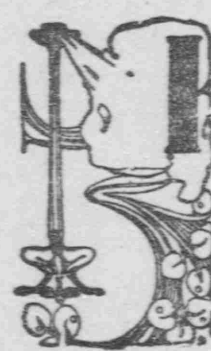
Evolution took an entirely novel and unpromised turn when the mental faculties were born. And it may change its course with equal want of anticipation by the introduction of some new sense, some new faculty as yet perhaps unknown to man. Occult science postulates the ultimate growth of seven senses in many, may, ten, when the perfect man is perfected. And when the seventh sense has been duly evolved it is said that the wonderful race which shall have come into its possession will bear less resemblance to the mean people of today than do the humans of today resemble the poor "dumb driven cattle."

Our world, social, economic, political, philosophical, will be revolutionized and rerationalized. It will have altered beyond recognition, transfigured into a new heaven and a new earth.



Are You Walking for the Other Fellow?

By John A. Howland.



SAT in the office of a big corporation the other day when an unknown man from the outside—somewhere—came in for a bit of information.

He was a most prosperous, clean cut, well dressed, citizen type of man, probably 45 years old, clear spoken and carrying with him in every line of face and figure the conviction that here is a man who has succeeded in life. He might have been a greater success. Yes; for who shall measure what Success is? But in public nowhere would any one have challenged him as a Failure. No one would have failed called into his mind by the merest casual glimpse of the figure as he stood at the railing seeking his information. And this was the

information he sought:

Incidental to the corporation business, almost, the corporation had a commodity for sale. As a strictly business proposition the president, vice president, secretary, treasurer, executive committee, and holders of stock down to the lowliest of single shares—all of them in executive session and considering this patronage of the potential patron at the railing—must have decided that they didn't care a tinker's continental whether this potential customer developed into a literal customer or whether he didn't.

But, impressive of face and figure as he knew himself to be, the caller at the railing wanted his specific information. And he received

the maximum of attention and office consideration as he talked.

"I'll take two of these," he said impressively, "provided you can fill the bill. I want to send them to friends in the country. But I don't want to be chasing all over the town to do it. I know I can buy them downstairs, but they'll not be wrapped and directed. Is there any way in which I can leave an order to have them wrapped, addressed, and shipped to these friends?"

Well, there was no way to do it. The corporation was willing to do no more than meet the personal demands of customers at the established places of sale. But in making this fact plain to this prosperous, clean cut, potential customer five minutes' time of an attendant at the rail was consumed. At which the potential customer, with a little snort of disapproval and contempt, turned aside and walked out as he had come. It was plain that this man who had come in as a potential customer had gone out sore and sour at the corporation which he had looked upon to serve him out of the established order of the corporation's business.

"Aha!" I thought to myself. "I recognize you at last! I thought I knew you when you came in; I'm sure of it now."

Do you recognize him? He's the man who all his life has been exacting that "the other fellow do the walking." He's the man who for years has been harnessing the General Public to the shafts by which his drayage business at large has been done free. For twenty years or more, in increasing volume and ratio, he has been exacting just a little more than the worth of his money of every person whom he has allowed reluctantly to see the color of it. He has been playing

the sure thing game to the limit, and in this one rare incident involving the big corporation—which, having no soul, manifestly has no sentiment—he has fallen down! Do you wonder that he is angry and incensed?

It has refused to walk for him! It has shown him—courteously enough, it is true, but distinctly—that it refuses to walk for him one step! Think of it! The nerve of it! To turn down a prosperous, well fed, decent citizen who had the good money in his clothes to pay for the thing he wanted! Could anything have been more annoying and ridiculous on the face of it?

Certainly this indignant citizen turning away could have had no idea of the personal delight and satisfaction which his disappointment had awakened in me or he would have turned probably and committed assault and battery on the spot.

The question I would ask of the young man is, Have you been walking for this fellow? Do you intend to walk for him in the future? In consideration of the man's mere prosperous front and commanding personality are you open to enlistment in his Ranks of the Walkers.

If you are one of these potential recruits, ready for volunteer enlistment, let me warn you that you are likely to contract for more free leg work than your paid services possibly can earn for you in shoes!

Don't misunderstand me. Walking, free of charge or thought of the effort and inconvenience of the task, still may be one of the most gracious and unselfish examples of man's humanity toward man. But it is in appreciation of this virtue that so many men viciously are able to command it to the most selfish of human ends.

Look at the commonest of everyday incidents. You go to Jones' establishment and buy Jones' goods on Jones' own terms, paying cash for the purchase. In every possible sense Jones is obligated to make a delivery of the purchase at the place named in the contract. But the purchase doesn't come, or if it comes it is wholly unsatisfactory. Who does the walking necessary to straighten out the tangle for which you cannot by any means be held accountable? Why, you do!

You may be incensed and angry with Jones, but you walk over to see him; he has your money and you haven't value received; it is absurd to expect Jones to come to see you and when you have walked over and rooted him out under handicap and finally get his ear to your complaint Jones puts on the smoothest of suave smiles designed to make you feel ashamed of having walked over all that distance in order to show that you are out of patience with his methods.

You have done Jones' walking freely and willingly and submitted to Jones' implied and smiling rebuke for having done so!

How much of this kind of walking have you been doing, literally and figuratively? How much more of it are you going to do? It is a pertinent question, for the reason that the more you do of it the more you will be expected to do. It is a life job—if you'll take it!



How Waning Love May Be Revived.

By Helen Oldfield.



HERE is not much in the way of aid or comfort which can be said to the woman who fain would be told how she can regain the waning affection of her lover. "He used to be so fond of me," she wails, "now he is so different, and scarcely seems to care. I love him so dearly. What can I do?"

Alas, it often happens that women offend by loving too well, or at least by too plainly showing that they do so. Excess of sweet is apt to pall upon the appetite. Moreover, it is an old and trusted saying that much of the pleasure of the average lover, like that of the hunter, lies in the chase; he does not over-much care for that which easily is won, and when the quarry is secured the natural prompting of instinct is to go hunt something else. Thus the woman who loves too well always is at a disadvantage, greater or less, according to the manner of man whom she loves.

When a woman wishes to reclaim a truant lover she by no means openly should show that desire. On the contrary, it well has been said that men are like one's shadow: pursue them and they flee, flee from them and they follow, close at one's heels. Holding off on a woman's part usually is by far more stimulating to a man's fancy, not to say his affection, than is too eager holding on.

"If love be weary, let him go.
"Twere vain to try to hold him so,
If love be going, let him go."

says the old song, and the advice, although it may be distasteful, often is good. Love is a debt which must be paid by inclination, not by obligation; the moment it becomes lukewarm and flickering, reminiscences on the score of duty only serve to smother the flame. Love, chained, with his wings clipped, soon ceases to be love. He cannot exist in prison, unless he be a willing captive behind bars of his own choosing. And when love really is dead there is no choice but to bury him. As well try to rekindle the cold ashes of a burnt out fire.

Still while there is life there is hope; if one coal, nay, if a single live spark still lingers beneath the gray ashes, the fire once more may glow as brightly as ever, if one has the right sort of kindling, and understands the art of firemaking.

The less water the better; tears and reproaches never accomplish any good in such cases. If a woman has cause to fear that the man whom she loves is growing tepid in his affection for her, or all means let her keep her fears to herself, and if she can't be jolly be as jolly as she can. In the first place she will be mistaken and be vexing herself without sufficient reason.

Man is a creature of moods, and it is impossible to have a perpetual high tide of emotion. The woman who expects her lover to have but one idea and that idea herself, surely is piling up trouble

for herself and for him by her unreasonable exactions. Also this is a case for the exercise of the doctrine of the New Thought: "We invite what we expect." There is much in taking things for granted; the majority of people are apt to do that which is expected of them simply because it is expected; in ordinary affairs nothing keeps a man to the straight path of duty as does the consciousness that he has a reputation for honor and honesty to live up to.

On the contrary, doubt and suspicion often serve to bring about the end which they fear. The truer love is the more deeply it is wounded, sometimes unto death, by unfaith:

"Trust me all in all or not at all."

is its motto.

The woman who would rekindle the waning flame of love in her lover's heart strictly should examine herself to see wherein she may have come short in the art of charming. It is not enough to "catch a bean," one must keep him, and the charms which brought him to one's feet must continue in order to keep him there. If the mistress does not exert herself to please her lover, she has no right to complain if he ceases to find her attractive and transfers his attentions to somebody else who is more entertaining. When our neighbor fails in his duty to us it often is because we first have failed in our duty to our neighbor.

In love, as in medicine, counter irritants have their uses. The mustard plaster of jealousy often serves as an effective stimulant to

a sluggish heart. If ever there be a time when willful and deliberate flirting is excusable, even justifiable, it is when judiciously used to recall a careless lover to his sense of duty and pleasure combined. It is a well known fact that no man desires that for which he thinks no other man cares.

In human intercourse, everything, from jewels down, is fictitiously valued; its worth depends on the mind of the possessor, and in civilized countries is regulated by comparison. Therefore, few men care to win that which is not contested, and admiration from other men is a powerful agent in increasing a man's appreciation of his lady love.

All this, however, is when love is more dangerously ill, not when it actually is dead. There are times when all attempts, however skillful, at resuscitation are in vain, when there is nothing to be done but to bury one's dead out of our sight, and which is still more important, out of the sight of our neighbor, and forget, if we can. Most people can. For the few who cannot there always is cause for thankfulness that the death of love came before marriage instead of after. It is a fearful thing for a living, breathing soul to be chained to a dead corpse.

